

Official Directory.

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J. FRANK GREEN, Judge Twenty-First Circuit, De Soto, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF IRON COUNTY.

COURTS:

CIRCUIT COURT is held on the fourth Monday in April and October.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Monday of March, June, September and December.

PROBATE COURT is held on the 2d Monday in February, May, August and November.

OFFICERS:

G. W. FARRAR, Jr., Representative.
R. L. CARY, Presiding Judge county Court.
J. W. ALCORN, county Judge, Southern District.
A. G. MOYER, county Judge, Western District.
W. R. EDGAR, Prosecuting Attorney.
W. H. FISHER, collector.
W. A. FLETCHER, county clerk.
ARTHUR HUFF, circuit clerk.
JOS. A. ZWART, Probate Judge.
P. W. WHITWORTH, Treasurer.
W. T. O'NEAL, Sheriff.
G. G. HENDERSON, Assessor.
G. W. FARRAR, Sr., coroner.
J. L. HICKMAN, School Commissioner.

CITY OFFICERS:

Mayor, W. R. Edgar.
Marshal, J. L. Marshall.
City Attorney, Arthur Huff.
City Clerk, Arthur Huff.
City Treasurer, Jos. A. Zwart.
City Collector, W. H. Fisher.
City Councilmen—L. J. Giovannoni, J. N. Bishop, G. A. Buckner, W. J. Schwab, Geo. D. Marks and Henry Kendall.
Street Committee—Henry Kendall, J. N. Bishop and L. J. Giovannoni.
Fire Committee—L. J. Giovannoni, W. J. Schwab and G. A. Buckner.
Health Committee—G. D. Marks and G. A. Buckner.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College and Pilot Knob. L. W. WERNER, Rector. High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4 o'clock P. M. High Mass and Sermon and Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, Edw. Kozth, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services every second and fourth Sundays of each month at 10:15 A. M. Sunday School 3:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All are invited.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill, between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. L. F. ASPLEY, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Sunday evening, 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Ladies' Aid Society, Thursdays, 2 P. M. Ladies' Prayer Meeting, Fridays, 7 P. M. Juvenile Missionary Society at Paragona, Saturdays, 2:30 P. M. Choir Practice at Church, Fridays, 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street, near Knob st., Ironton. Pastors, Residences Ironton. Preaching on every Saturday before the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 P. M. and on the first and third Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Presbyterian Church, cor. Reynolds and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Y. P. S. C. at 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 P. M. G. H. DUFF, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Episcopal, Ironton. Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob. Rev. OTTO PFAFF, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd and Washington streets, Ironton. H. A. HENLEY, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. and Select Reading at 4 P. M. Literary every Tuesday night at 8.

SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every 2d and 4th Friday evening of each month at Odd-Fellows Hall.

WM. STEPHENS, C. C. ARTHUR HUFF, K. of P. & S.

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. A. RIEKE, N. G. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

IRON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.

G. D. MARKS, C. P. J. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.

STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of or preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M. MAIN HINGO, Secretary.

MEDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. P. AKE, M. E. H. P. W. R. EDGAR, Secretary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in G. A. R. Hall on the 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings. W. W. HAYWOOD, D. R. E. PURKISS, Reporter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month.

J. B. HAMPTON, P. C. JNO. ALBERT, Adm't.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 80, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill. C. C. DINGER, Camp Commander.

First Sergeant.

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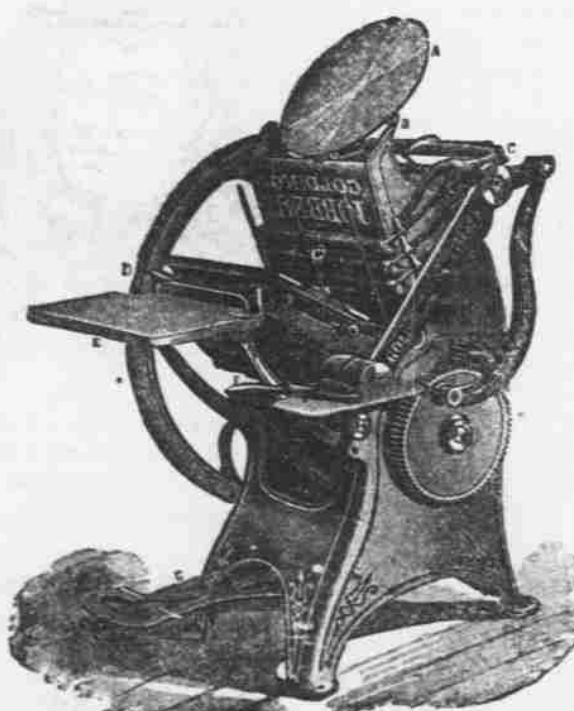
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From Tarheeliana.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 10, 1897.

I find I am daily growing in breadth and weight—not a consumption devoutly to be wished for in my case—and to counteract this effect of good living and luxurious ease, I have resorted to daily tramping over the hills and along the depressions of this hill-beleaguered town. On these flesh-repressing excursions I have a pleasant companion of nearly the same age and avoirdupois as myself. In days gone by he was an indefatigable devotee to the rod and gun, coursing streams and climbing hills all day long with scarcely quickened pulse. But time and flesh work have with the strongest and heartiest, and I find in his labored breathing comfort for my own fatigue. Tiring in unison, we slack the vigor of our onward pace, or halt and rest at mutual pleasure. I hope to give a favorable report of this self imposed training later on. One thing is certain: the streets, the suburbs, the hills and the ravines which make up Asheville and its surroundings are becoming familiar to the fashion of our shoe-soles.

The average North Carolinian is happy: the State Legislature adjourned yesterday, with a whole bagful of mischievous legislation dead in the shell. By the skin of its teeth Asheville escaped the dispensary, and in the county of Buncombe eight pegs unprovided with holes are dressed in deep mourning and refuse to be comforted. The anti-lease bill died a-borning, and Gov. Russell affects to be very angry, though there are those who say that, "way down in his boots, he is gratified with its defeat. He will project the question into the next campaign, and endeavor to make it a tidal wave which shall again toss his party into power, through the popular prejudice against railroads.

The mountaineer of the Old North State is a rough, uncouth, innocent-looking human, but he is not a fool, and he who picks him up as such in a business transaction is quite likely to drop him without ceremony. The farmer, when he makes his tobacco ready for the market, knows how to pack it so that the outside always shows up fair and bright. The inside platter may go as it likes, but the outside must be clean and tempting to the buyer, who, notwithstanding his experience and astuteness, is not infrequently taken in.

But this sharpness in trade is not exclusive to the tobacco raiser. The other day a citizen of this town bought a load of hay on the street from a farmer. The wagon with its load was driven on the scales and weighed. The amount pulled down seemed excessive to the buyer, and he didn't know but a boulder or two lay concealed within the contents. He had heard of such tricks being played upon the unwary. Therefore, after directing the farmer to his stable, the purchaser engaged a bystander to distantly follow the hay and observe its unloading. The unsophisticated farmer drove to the place designated, halted, looked warily about him, and said, "All right!" Then there popped out from under the hay a fellow-citizen whose rotundity warranted his tipping the beam at not less than 250 pounds! The purchaser took the hay, but made the round-bellied gentleman sit on the wagon on its return to the scales, and charged his weight in the sum total of the tare.

Although nearly always a "blockader," and thinking it no wrong, but a virtue, to bilk his Uncle Samuel of his revenue on tanglefoot, the mountaineer in his dealings with his neighbors is generally just. He is very hospitable, and, if he doesn't suspect you of being a revenue agent, frank and friendly. The weary wayfarer commands the best his condition affords. But let him get the notion into his head that you are "nosying round" the woods for stills, and his demeanor completely changes, whether he is in the business or not; for, if he is not blockading, his neighbor is, and a strong community of interest binds them all together. They are usually true to each other, and it is only when there is a "falling out" among neighbors that information regarding crookedness is conveyed to the revenue agent, except when they mutually agree to spring a case for the mileage and fees there are in it. To come to Asheville and see the sights at government's expense and pay is a big thing to the remoter denizens of the mountains, and the scheme is not unfrequently worked "to the queen's taste." Such a case has been told me, and its absolute truth may be relied upon.

A young mountaineer—a blockader—took a quart bottle of white corn whiskey and gave it to his sweetheart. Then he, in company with half-a-

dozen neighbors, went to her cabin. He "set 'em up" to the crowd, paying her for the drinks in the presence of all. Then information was given to the Federal authorities that the girl was selling liquor at retail. She had no license, of course, and her arrest followed in due time. The young blockader and his companions were subpoenaed as witnesses. All came to town, saw the "steam keers" paraded the streets, ate candy and gingerbread, and heard the brass band—and Uncle Sam, he paid the freight. It is true that the girl was sentenced to thirty days in jail, but when she returned home her lover was on hand to receive her with a brand new kaliker dress, a silk hanker, and other finery too numerous to mention. A term in jail because of violation of the revenue law carries no disgrace with it. As Mr. Weiler would say, "on the contrary quite the reverse."

Another case, neither mutually agreed to, nor where information was laid for revenge. A short time after my arrival here, a "native" came to the Federal authorities and offered for \$25 to acquaint them with the place where there were stored nine barrels of apple brandy—blockade liquor. After some chaffering, the bargain was concluded and he faithfully complied with his part of the contract by conducting the officers to the vicinity of the "lay" and giving them such directions that they had no trouble in securing the prize. The distiller and owner not only lost his brandy, which was of course forfeited to the government, but had to pay over \$500 "good cash money," beside, in compromise with the offended law. He is a prominent citizen of Yancey county, and was last year Republican candidate for sheriff. Is said to be a good citizen, well-to-do in the goods of this world, and esteemed by his neighbors. The informant had, some months before this episode occurred, violated a state law, and would have gone to jail but for the good offices of the man he informed against! After getting out of his trouble, he straightway got into another, and again applied to his benefactor for help, which was refused. Then the informer took leg-bail against the authorities, and started for "foreign parts."

But he found the walking rough, and it saddened him to know that, for lack of cash to transport his family, every step he was taking did but widen the distance of separation. His way lay through Asheville, and as he pondered and projected as to how to raise the wind, "suddenly a bright idea dazzled his mind! He had helped Col. P. (his whilom friend and benefactor) to secretly distill and store those barrels of apple brandy. At Asheville he called upon the revenue people and told his story with ingenious frankness, concealing nothing relative to the causes which led him to turn informer. He pocketed his fee, departed, and I presume is now happily dwelling with his family in regions remote from the Tarheelian eye. But I wouldn't bet fifty dollars that he isn't blockading right now!

Our hotel family now numbers seventy-five—and still they come! From the north, south and east, but very few show up from anywhere nearer my native hearth than Chicago. New Yorkers come in threes, and fours, and Bostonian intellect glorifies us in reflection to the rays of her transcendental sons and daughters. They don't put on a bit of style, but are as pleasant people as we have met. If they observe our Wild Western ways, they politely ignore their crudeness, and are all hail fellows, well met. I of course allude in the last clause to the male specimens only. Although way up in Emersonian philosophy, I find them no more sophisticated to the ways of the designing world than are some other people born and reared far away from the Plymouthian shrine. One of them last Saturday bought from a diamond merchant in this town, seven dollars' worth of crude "native gems." They proved to be glass of good quality, finely tinted, and no doubt the wholesale price of the lot originally amounted to one per cent. of their value as sold to the Bostonian at retail. The "gems" were returned and the money reluctantly refunded. It seems that fake diamonds pertain not exclusively to London, Atlantic City, or any other special habitat of buckstaring humanity. E. D. A.

McKinley Paying Dividends.

About the first official act of the McKinley Secretary of War is in the interest of Collis P. Huntington and the Southern Pacific Railroad.

In accordance with the recommendation of the official report of the commission designating San Pedro as the Southern California port, Congress appropriated money with which to be-

gin work in the harbor. Huntington had opposed the selection of San Pedro, but the action of the Commission was regarded as final, and the appropriation of funds for the beginning of work was made with that understanding.

Secretary of War Alger has refused to make the appropriation available. He has admittedly taken this action at the request of Senator Frye of Maine, who called upon him in company with Millionaire Huntington to urge that course of action.

Alger can postpone the work indefinitely. Huntington's object doubtless is to secure in the next Congress, through the influence of the McKinley Administration, a reversal of the action locating the harbor at San Pedro. Huntington was a heavy stockholder in the McKinley Joint Stock Company of last year. He is getting his money back. The McKinley Joint Stock Company is now paying dividends.—St. Louis P-D.

McKinley's Crop of Trouble.

Major McKinley is crying "peace, peace," but there is no peace. A dispatch from Washington tells "that his efforts will be all in the direction of consolidating the party—that he has said he has no enemies to punish," etc.

This is all very pink tea talk, and quite nice, but it will fool no one acquainted with the facts into the belief that there is going to be one continual love feast, and an interchange of brotherly love among the Republican leaders during the McKinley administration. The same bosses who opposed his nomination, both before and during the St. Louis convention—Platt, Clarkson, Quay, Bradley, and the rest—may be pacified into acquiescence with the present order of things for a time by liberal promises of pie, but their ill will slumbers, and is only awaiting the first reasonable excuse to burst into a flame of opposition.

Out of the three hundred and fifty thousand hungry office-holders who are ravenous for spoils there are only places for 60,000. It is not for a moment to be thought that the two hundred and ninety thousand disappointed ones are going to feel "harmonious," or not that way.

Another disturbing element in the harmony plan is Hanna. He is in the Senate for the advertised purpose of representing the administration and to do its needful fighting, scheming, and "fixing" to carry out its policies. It is a new field for him, and the chances are against his succeeding in doing anything other than stirring up hostility and jealousy. His methods, which succeeded where he has masses of ignorant voters to corrupt and hundreds of purchasable election officials to buy, will not do when it comes to influencing an enlightened body like the Senate of the United States.

He starts in with the silver Senators in a position, if they so desire, to prevent the organization of the committees in the interest of the Republicans. In all measures not of a general and party character he will assuredly meet with the opposition of many Senators on his own side of the chamber. For, besides being obnoxious on account of his assumption of party dictatorship and his peculiar and dominating influence over the President, he will attract that ill feeling born of political caste. Senatorial dignity will prompt the older Senators to regard this intrusive iron-monger with the scorn Lucifer showed for Michael when they met in the realms of space to testify at the trial of George III's ghost. They will look upon him as "might some blue-blooded, venerable Castilian upon a mushroom, unpedigreed civilian."

The impending fight among the Republican factions will be aggravated and intensified as soon as the extra session gets under way. McKinley's flirtation with bimetalism will not mislead any of the silver Republican Senators while it will enrage the gold standard Democrats who endorsed the Indianapolis bolt.

Opposition in the State Republican machines is already gaining head rapidly. Bradley's tart rebuke to Hanna over the appointment of a Senator shows how the wind blows in Kentucky. The strictures of the Chicago Tribune, which is the organ of Tanager and the anti-administration crowd, forecasts a wholesale slump in McKinley harmony in Illinois. Filley and his Indians are tearing around executing a ghost dance in Missouri, and in many of the other States, East, West, North and South, the hungry Republican braves are lighting war fires and daubing anti-McKinley paint on their faces.

The President, poor man, no doubt wants peace about as badly as he ever wanted anything in his life, and he may desire party harmony with all his might, and do all in his power to bring it about; but we will never succeed.

Every day he lives from now till the end of his term—if he is not worried to death before that time—he will comprehend more and more the meaning of Quay's words to Hobart, "McKinley's troubles are only just beginning."

—K. C. Times.

Tariff and Revenue.

The specific tariff duties the Republicans will place on sugars will, it is estimated, increase the annual revenues \$20,000,000. As sugar is an article of which we must continue to import by far the greater part of what we consume, this may not be an overestimate.

But sugar is practically the only article in the dutiable list of which it can be said that increasing the tariff will increase the revenues in any appreciable degree. In other lines the increase of duty will operate to decrease the customs receipts. And, taking the list as a whole, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the total of decrease will more than counterbalance the increase from this one source. Particularly is this true when we consider that contemplated reciprocity arrangements must, if carried into effect, put on the free list many articles now paying duty, and reduce revenues to that extent.

It is probable that talk of reciprocity is misleading. If revenue is to be the object aimed at in the new tariff law, reciprocity can certainly not have much recognition in it. Under the sugar schedule in the bill now agreed upon by the Ways and Means Committee, the reduction to be made in favor of countries with which we establish reciprocal trade relations is not such as to restore the business relations with Cuba under which the flour milling industry of St. Louis made large profits a few years ago.

To be sure, the Cuban sugar plantations are now desolated. But their restoration will be a matter of but a short time after the close of the war, whatever its result. There can be no reciprocity with Cuba under the McKinley sugar tariff.—St. Louis Weekly P-D.

Bill's In Trouble.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West. An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end! I told him when he left as only three short years ago He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row— He'd miss his father's counsels an' his mother's prayers, too, But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptations for a youngster in the West, But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist, An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-widening snare That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere, But Bill he promised faithful to be careful, an' allowed He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud, But it seems it's how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boys in trouble o' the very wustest kind!

His letters came so seldom that somehow sorter knowned That Bill was a tramping on a mighty rocky road, But never once imagined he would bow his head in shame, An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name, He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart!

An so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her, Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

—Exchange.

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